THE VACATION DRESS.

The Reign of Flannel and Serge Has Begun.

The Shirt Waist and Its Annual List of Vagaries—What the Yachting Girl Puts On—The Croquet Gown and a Little Millinery.

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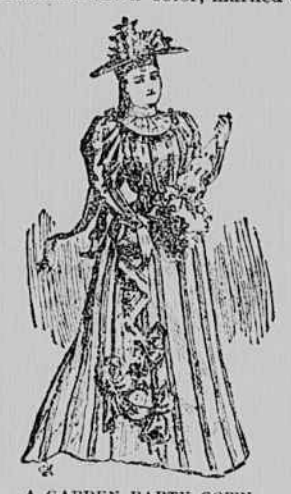
The summer begins so much earlier than it used, not for the astronomer nor the farmer, nor the rosebush, but for the woman, that the serges and the striped flannels and the summer flannels are already in mid-process of making. They are very like last summer's, being unable to be particularly different, but they have developed half a dozen new girdles, half a dozen new colors and more than half a dozen new ways of buttoning up and down the sides of the skirt, both at top and bottom.

The woman who is considering a vacation dress can hardly do better than give some attention to a very simple and thoroughly pretty model I saw this morning. It was a striped flannel of a soft indefinite fawn color, marked with



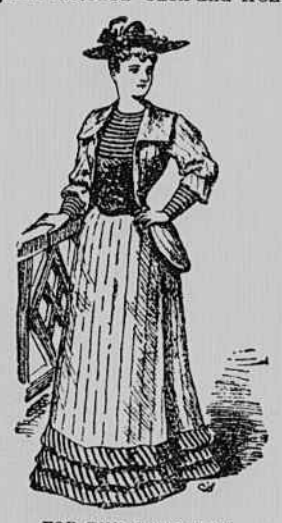
A GARDEN PARTY GOWN.

dark blue. Running about the bottom were trimmings of an even darker, velvety, rough silk braid. There was a smart, severe coat, cut sharply away in front and lined with a changeable blue and fawn taffeta, with hints of scarlet in its shimmer, coming, nobody could tell how and nobody could tell from where. The broad, graceful coat collar rolled back from a fawn-colored silk blouse, restrained from too great exuberance by a folded, dark blue silk girdle. You would have spotted the costume anywhere, metaphorically, not literally, as eminently fit for seaside or mountain wear, and yet not too distinctly neglige. You would have seen, too, that you could save dollars out of the cost of it, if you cared to do so, by wearing a leather belt and omitting the silken coat lining.

There was a black and rakish looking yacht that came dancing into port from Newport this morning with three or four salt-water-loving society girls on board who are off with chaperons, and, of necessity, a certain amount of masculine society, for a longish early summer cruise. I happen to know that the outfit for this voyaging had cost a tremendous output of time, brain power and energy, and, in order to justify the expenditure as far as possible, its results really ought to be made widely available.

The most usual girl of the party, that is, the girl who under ordinary circumstances would be least likely to depart very radically from customary or traditional wear, had a serge frock whose color was like the blue of the sea, which is now blue and now gray and oftenest of all, perhaps, streaked and washed with gray and blue. It was made with a plain narrow skirt, simply trimmed with black braid and worn with a black silk blouse under a serge blazer turned back with flaps of heavy ribbed silk shifting from gray to blue. Her hat was a gray straw sailor with heavy blue ribbon band.

The youngest girl, who holds strongly to the theory that nine women out of ten look best in light colors, chose a white washable serge, without the blue braid which used to adorn such suits last season, and with a blouse of the same stuff, belted with a broad girdle of pigskin fastened back and front and



FOR THE CATSKILLS.

laced together, and tucked warmly away under a little blue flannel Eton jacket with square fronts and a boyish temperament and constitution. Her white yachting cap had a blue cord and a decided visor.

The most striking and the smartest, but not to all tastes the prettiest, frock of the trio was a strange combination of navy blue flannel with a pale whitish, water green. The skirt was of the blue without ornamentation, the blouse of green with folded belt knotted at the side under an anchor-shaped buckle and falling in sash ends. The Spanish jacket was of the blue again, with blue sailor hat tied up, trimly and without waste ornament, with water green ribbons.

The girl who wears a blouse this summer often complicates it somewhat with ribbon straps over the shoulders. Sometimes she fixes them bretelle-wise, and sometimes she crosses them back and front. Sometimes she starts them from a point at the waist in front, under a silver horseshoe, and lets them fetch up, or down, at a point in the waist behind. Whatever their arrangement they are quite as apt to contrast in color with the blouse as to agree with it, and to make a piquant, sometimes a startling, bit of decoration. Wise girls consider the effect of black velvet ribbon before they experiment with anything less safe and sure.

It is not possible to work one's self up to any high pitch of enthusiasm about the shirt waist, which is with us as regularly as apple blossoms or the spring mosquito, because it has so much starch in it and is, accordingly, so indefensible æsthetically. It may be said, indeed, that this summer it is more open to criticism than usual, because it has made a not very intelligent effort to rid itself of some part of its mannishness and has only succeeded in tacking on lace and frills where frills and lace were never meant to go.

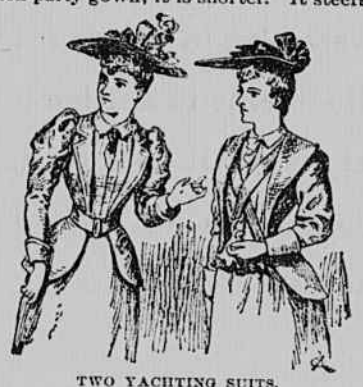
Flowered lawns and percales are the favored shirt-waist materials, and the lawns are the prettier and the percales make the smaller drain upon the sympathies on account of their sufferings in the starching. There are stiff linen shirts with a wilderness of fine tucks in front, and the young woman who is so inclined can find a pink shirt to wear with her creamy brown flannel tennis rig and a pale blue one to go with her dark blue flannel, and an ecrue shirt to go with dark red—that at least is the combination I noticed as worn by the crack player of a croquet party this morning—and everyone of the vari-colored waists will have a lace fall and embroidery enough to have put out several pairs of eyes.

For coolness and prettiness, and, yes, if you buy right, for durabilty, give me the silk shirt or—this always is an easy alternative—no shirt all.

It deserves to be said that the stiff, diamond-shaped cuff is the shirt waist's chiefest torture, quite outfiguring the collar, which this season has, in a majority of cases, made a virtue of necessity and agreed peaceably to lie down. A big chiffon or soft silk scarf at the throat has displaced the masculine four-in-hand of last season, and contrasts oddly enough with the studs, and the stiffness and general style.

The croquet dress is something that now has to be reckoned with. Perhaps it is that tennis must expect to lose all but its real devotees now that it has lost its novelty; perhaps it is that croquet is easy, and perhaps it is that croquet is a nice lazy game to play when it is hot; the fact must be acknowledged that more croquet grounds are being laid out on the Newport lawns than society has seen in at least a dozen seasons.

The croquet gown is not like a tennis frock; it is longer. It is not like a garden party gown; it is shorter. It steers



TWO YACHTING SUITS.

its course very cleverly between the fashion of the dress in which one is to look pretty and do much and the fashion of the other dress in which one is to look pretty and do nothing at all. It is, in fact, the apotheosis of the gown in which one is to look pretty and do a very little occasionally.

At Newport, on Wednesday, I remember a very striking croquet frock of a changeable taffeta, glinting from a pale rose pink to a paler cowslip yellow. It was worn by the only woman I have seen in three months with a complexion clear enough to put it on in broad daylight out of doors. The stuff was striped as well as changeable, and something clear blue came out, definitely but not too obtrusively, in the stripings. Pink ribbon bows caught the folds of the princess drapings; a pink ribbon belt fastened the waist and long pink streamers fluttered, Watteau fashion, from the neck behind. A deep lace collar was the bodice finish, and a flat Leghorn hat was worn, with wide flapping brim, wild rose wreath and another installment of pink streamers.

There were some pretty hats at the horse show, and the last theater parties of the spring have brought out a goodly company. A toque, which made itself a good deal of bother by obstructing my view, had what poor frightened Paris is tremulously calling a "bomb-shaped" crown of a delicate green straw, with a second bomb, very small and of a darker green, on top. These bombs were served, so to speak, on a platter brim of a darker color, and had pink carnations and pink velvet strings for trimmings.

The oddest hats are those in striped and plaided and changeable straws. Some emulate brocade with their elaborate figurings. These are prettiest in the least costly varieties, because as rough and readies they are not obliged to require themselves to be taken too seriously. The evening bonnets are mere puffs of rainbow chiffon. A dainty example shows shifting shades like the opal. It is misty, filmy, and it would be cruel to put it through the coarse process of dissection in an effort to tell how the effect is produced. There is chiffon and there is a delicate spray of star-like "babies' breath;" there is somewhere a turquoise buckle; these make a bonnet and a very successful one.

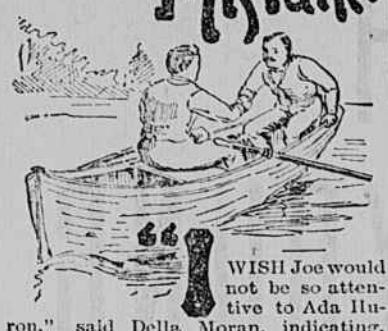
ELLEN OSBORN.

Evident.

O, I don't weary her at all;
In fact, I seem to cheer her so,
That, though she's gloomy when I call,
She's always happy when I go.

—Brooklyn Life

A Flirt's Mistake.



"I WISH Joe would not be so attentive to Ada Huron," said Della Moran, indicating, with a motion of her blonde head, a young man of her own style of beauty, who was walking and talking with a showy-looking girl.

"He does seem to be charmed with Ada," replied her companion, Ida Leyman, a dark-eyed little lady. I can't see why the boys admire her so much. Brother Ed is infatuated with her. Yet she is a terrible flirt."

"That's just what I tell Joe, but he always says: 'Tastes differ, sis, and she suits mine.' I tell him she'll never have him, and he says: 'Maybe not; but we'll see some day.'"

Thus chatting our two girls went homeward, passing the subject of their remarks, who were walking along more leisurely, and talking in a bantering way.

"Ada, what would you rather have of all things on earth?" asked Joe Moran.

"Money, to be sure," laughed Miss Huron. "And you?"

"Your sweet self," replied Joe.

Ada tried to blush, but failed.

"You've never asked for your wish, and I beg pa for mine every day; so there's the difference between us," she answered, lightly.

If she thought that this hint would provoke a declaration, Miss Huron was mistaken.

Joe was not like Othello, who said: "On this hint I spake."

But then he was not a *militaire*.

"There will be a picnic on Saturday," said Ada. "You are going?"

"If I may take you."

"Oh, I have promised Ed Leyman. But we will meet you there."

"I don't know," responded Joe, morosely.

"Oh, please come! Ed always gets sentimental when we are alone, and I hate sentiment."

"Of course I'll come if you really want me, Ada. But why can't you give a fellow a definite answer, and cease playing with him?"

"This is the dog that worried the cat, that caught the rat," she sang.

"Won't you be serious for a minute?" cried poor Joe. "You know I love you. Will you have me, Ada, or do you prefer Ed Leyman?" he insisted, his honest blue eyes trying hard to read the truth in Ada's green-gray orbs.

"'I love them both so well,
I know not which to choose;
If one I "yes" should tell,
T'other one I'd lose,'"

hummed the willful girl.

Joe was silent then, and when Ada reached her own gate, bade her an abrupt good-by.

"Be sure and go to the picnic, Joe!" she called after him, as she ran, laughing, up the steps into the house.

It was an ideal day—just the one when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love; and Ed Leyman could not resist the force that nature and Ada Huron brought to bear on him as they rolled along gayly behind the sorrel trotter toward the picnic grounds.

They had just left the town, and were gliding leisurely along the tree-lined country road, when he suddenly said: "Now, Ada, you must give me my answer."

"What answer?" she artlessly asked.

"You know very well. Will you—"

"Oh, let's talk sense!" she interrupted, provoked that he came to the point so bluntly. She loved tactics.

"This is sense to me."

"Well, then, we'll talk nonsense," laughed the girl.

"Sense or nonsense, you must answer my question."

"Question, question, Mr. President!" cried Ada.

"Will you marry me?" he went on, doggedly.

"The question needs debating before it passes the house," she laughed.

"Ada!"

"Ed!"

"Won't you say yes?"

But just then some of their friends drove near them, and Ada, glad of an interruption, seized the reins to give them a race.

The day passed pretty much as such days usually do; the men fished and the girls made a pretense of joining in the amusement—all except Ada, who declared herself too lazy for even that quiet sport. She had a book, and, ensconced in a cozy nook, would read it.

Presently to her retreat came Ed and Joe, arriving simultaneously from different directions. After looking daggers at each other they began to talk on various subjects, throwing pebbles into the stream the while. It was evident from their constraint that both were aware of the existing rivalry, and that they disliked one another accordingly.

Ada watched them with quiet amusement.

Suddenly she exclaimed: "Do you see those water lilies floating out in the stream?"

Both young men looked where she pointed and saw two regal blossoms.

"He who fetches me one of them shall be my future knight," cried Ada, rising with a glow of excitement upon her face.

The men looked at her, at each other, at the two skiffs that were moored near by, then back at the girl again.

"I mean it," she said, eggerly. "I want to see whether the days of chivalry are really over."

Off came two coats, down the banks strode two men, each unfastened a skiff ready to start on the fool's errand.

It was indeed a fool's errand. The river, swollen by recent rains, tumbled fiercely over the high dam. The lilies were rapidly nearing the brink, which could not be approached without great danger. But the rash boys were on their mettle, and evidently intended to take the risk at any cost.

Little Johnny McGlinn, a small picnicker, saw them doff their coats, and dropping his rod exclaimed: "Come on, folks! There's going to be a fight up here!"

This brought all the anglers to the point where Ada stood.

They saw the two young men exchange a few quick words, and then after shaking hands each leaped into his boat, and the watchers caught these words of Joe's above the roar of the dam: "All right, Ed; it's a bargain!"

No one knew what it was all about except Ada, who thought they were agreeing to abide by the result of the coming trial of courage.

"Be they going to race?" asked Johnny.

"No, they are going to fetch those lilies for me," answered Ada, coolly.

"Not those!" cried Ida Leyman, pointing to where the flowers were floating swiftly toward the dam.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Oh, you bad, bad woman!" cried Della, looking "as though she'd like to throw her into the river," as Johnny expressed it later on. Then Della and Ida cried, with one accord: "Come back, Joe! Come back, Ed! You will both be drowned!"

The young men either did not or would not hear their cries, but kept steadily on.

Joe had the lead by a rod or two when, giving his boat a graceful swerve, he reached a lily and started landward again.

Ed was not so good a rower, but, not to be outdone, kept boldly on. The remaining lily was now a little below him and very near the dam. He succeeded in heading it off, and was about to make a turn up stream to capture his prize, when, horror! he dropped an oar, which went shooting over the dam.

The next instant, quicker than thought, his boat whirled sidewise with the current, then rushed against the end of a big log. Ed managed to spring to this just as his boat swung round and fell over the dam with a crash.

Seeing Ed's danger, Joe pulled quickly back to a point above where the log projected; he let his skiff float to within a few feet of his rival, and cried: "Now for it, Ed! Jump! I daren't come any closer, or we'll both go over."

Ed stood up on his slippery bridge and made a leap into the boat, when, by dint of hard pulling, Joe soon had them out of danger. Then they looked hard at each other.

"By Jove, you are plucky to hang on to that flower all the time!" said Joe, as he saw the lily, somewhat crushed, in Ed's hand.

"And what are you?" asked Ed, feelingly. "Who risked his neck to get me out of my awkward fix?"

"O, pshaw! that was nothing," answered Joe, rather sheepishly. "You'd have done the same for me."

"Do you believe that, Joe?"

"As I do the Gospel."

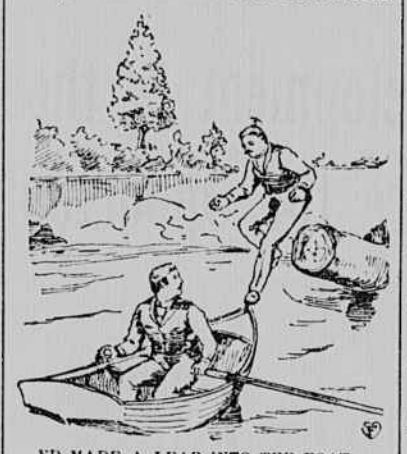
"Shake hands."

There were tears in the men's eyes, which did them no discredit, as they performed the rite so laconically suggested.

Presently both looked toward the shore. Della, on her knees, seemed to be praying, while Ida hung about her, weeping copiously. A short distance away stood Ada Huron, looking triumphantly toward the boat.

"Ed," said Joe, in a tone of deep conviction, "we've been a pair of infernal fools."

When they landed, Ada was on the spot to meet them, exulting in the fact that she was the heroine of such an exciting episode. Her lips were parted as though she were about to utter words



ED MADE A LEAP INTO THE BOAT.

of praise. But what had happened? Neither of the men noticed her as they climbed up the bank.

Instead, Joe, going straight to Ed's sister, dropped his lily at her feet, while Ed paid the same compliment to Della.

This was the beginning of the end for Ada. The two disenthralled lovers paid her no more attention than politeness required; and each caught himself making comparisons between Ada and his friend's sister, much to the disparagement of his former enchantress.

So Ada was compelled to talk to thick-headed Billy Thornton, with whom her wiles were at a discount, but who made havoc with the contents of her luncheon basket.—Alida Alston, in Drake's Magazine.

His Limit.

Tourist (in Kentucky)—Col. Gore must have been pretty thoroughly intoxicated last night. I heard him say he saw nine separate and distinct moons at one time.

Col. Corkright—Then you may rest assuahed, suh, that the cuhnel was puffectly regulah. He makes it the rule of his life to draw the line at nine moons, and is, thuhfoh, nevuh intoxicated. It takes at least sixteen moons to get the cuhnel off his feet.—National Tribune.